

# The Critic

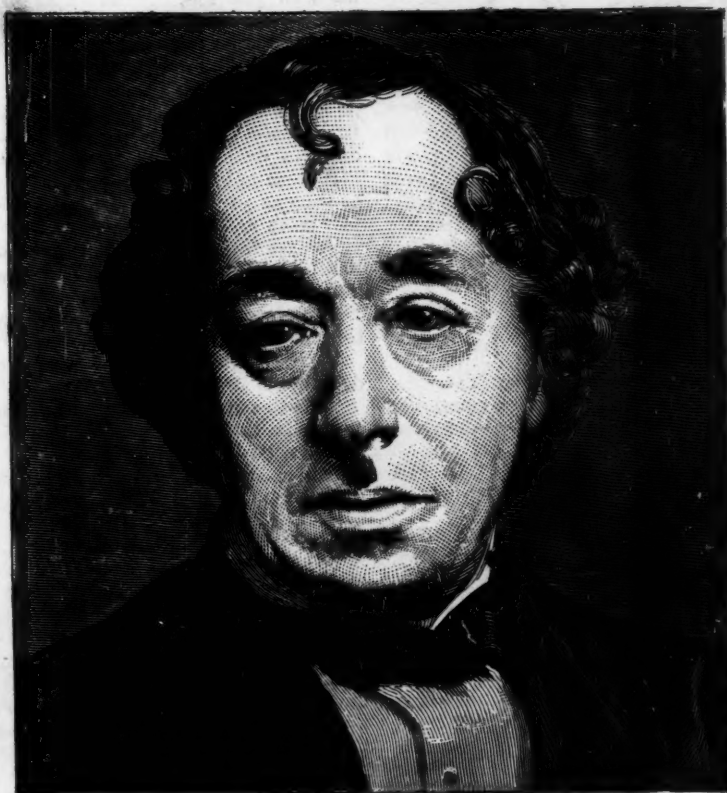
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BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

## The Critic

NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1881.

### NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS. (No. 2.)

MR. FOX FIGURES AS AN INCENDIARY.

THE next night the little boy had been thoughtful enough to save some of his supper for Uncle Remus, and to this "Miss Sally" had added, on her own account, a large piece of fruit-cake. The old man appeared to be highly pleased.

"Ef ders enny kinder cake w'at I likes de mos', hits dish yer kine w'at's got reezins strowed 'mongs' it. Wid sick folks, now," he continued, holding up the cake and subjecting it to a critical examination, "dish yer hunk 'ud mighty nigh las' a mont', but wid a well man like I is, hit won't las' a minnit."

And it didn't. It disappeared so suddenly that the little boy laughed aloud, and wanted Uncle Remus to have some more cake; but the latter protested that he didn't come there "fer ter git founder'd" but merely to see "ef somebody's strenk uz strong nuff fer ter stan' nudder tale. The little boy said if Uncle Remus meant him, he was sure his health was good enough to listen to any number of stories. Whereupon, the old man, without any tantalizing preliminaries, began:

"Brer Fox done bin fool so much by Brer Rabbit dat he sorter look 'roun' fer ter see ef he can't ketch up wid some er de yuther creeturs, en so, one day, wiles he gwine long down de big road, who should he strike up wid but ole Brer Tarrypin. Brer Fox sorter lick his chops, en say dat ef he kin fling enny body en gin um all-under holt, Brer Tarrypin de man, en he march up, mighty biggity, like he gwineter make spote un 'im. W'en he git up nigh nuff, Brer Fox hail 'im:

"How you speck you fine yo'se'f dis mawnin', Brer Tarrypin," sezee.

"Slow, Brer Fox—mighty slow," sez Brer Tarrypin, sezee. "Day in en day out I'm mighty slow, en't look like I'm a gittin' slower; I'm slow en po'ly, Brer Fox—how you come on," sezee.

"Oh, I'm slanchindickler, same ez I allers is," sez Brer Fox, sezee. "W'at make yo' eye so red, Brer Tarrypin?" sezee.

"Hit's all 'longer de trouble I see, Brer Fox," sez Brer Tarrypin, sezee. "I see trouble en you see none; trouble come en pile up on trouble," sezee.

"Law, Brer Tarrypin!" sez Brer Fox, sezee, "you ain't see no trouble yit. Ef you wanten see sho nuff trouble, you des oughter go longer me; I'm de man w'at kin show you trouble," sezee.

"Well, den," sez ole Brer Tarrypin, sezee, "ef youer de man w'at kin show me trouble, den I'm de man w'at want a glimpse un it," sezee.

"Den Brer Fox, he ax Brer Tarrypin is he seed de Ole Boy, en den Brer Tarrypin, he make answer dat he ain't seed 'im yit, but he year tell un 'im. Wid dat, Brer Fox 'low de Ole Boy de kinder trouble he bin talkin' 'bout, en den Brer Tarrypin, he up'n ax how he gwine see 'im. Brer Fox, he take'n lay out de pogrance, en he up'n tell Brer Tarrypin dat ef he'll step up dar in de middle er dat ole broom-sage fiel', en squot dar a spell, 'twon't be no time 'fo' he'll ketch a glimpse er de Ole Boy.

"Brer Tarrypin know'd ders sump'n wrong some'rs, yit he mos' too flat-footed fer ter have enny scuffle wid Brer Fox, en he say ter hisse'f dat he'll go 'long en des trus' ter luck; en den he 'low dat ef Brer Fox he'p 'im 'cross de fence, he b'lieve he'll go up en resk one eye on de Ole Boy. Co'se Brer Fox hope 'im 'cross, en no sooner is he

good en gone, dan Brer Fox, he fix up fer ter make 'im see trouble. He lipt out ter Miss Meadows house, Brer Fox did, en make like he wanten borry a chunk er fier fer ter light his pipe, en he tuck dat chunk, en he run 'roun' de fiel', en he sot de grass afier, en 'twan't long 'fo' it look like de whole face er de yeth wuz a blazin' up."

"Did it burn the Terrapin up?" interrupted the little boy.

"Don't push me, honey; don't make me git de kyart 'fo' de hoss. W'en ole Brer Tarrypin 'gun ter wade thoo de straw, de ve'y fus' man w'at he strike up wid wuz ole man Rabbit layin' dar sleepin' on de shady side uv a tussock. Brer Rabbit, he wunner deze yer kinder mens w'at sleep wid der eye wide open, en he wuz 'wake d'reckly he year Brer Tarrypin scuffin' en scramblin' 'long thoo de grass. Atter dey shuck han's en ax 'bout wunner nudder fambly, hit ain't take long fer Brer Tarrypin fer ter tell Brer Rabbit w'at fotch 'im dar, en Brer Rabbit, he up'n say, sezee:

"Hit's des natally a born blessin dat you struck up wid me w'en you did," sezee, "kaze little mo' en bofe un us would a bin bobbycu'd," sezee.

"Dis kinder tarrify Brer Tarrypin, en he say he wanten git out fum dar; but Brer Rabbit he 'low he'd take keer un 'im, en he tuck'n tuck Brer Tarrypin in de middle er de fiel' whar dey wuz a big holler stump. Onter dis stump, Brer Rabbit lif' Brer Tarrypin, en den he lip up hisse'f en crope in de holler, en, bless yo soul, honey, w'en de fier come a snippin' en a snappin', dar dey sot des ez safe en ez snug ez you is in yo' bed dis minit.

"W'en de blaze blow over, Brer Tarrypin look 'roun', en he see Brer Fox runnin' up'n down de fence like he huntin' sump'n. Den Brer Rabbit, he stick his head up outen de hole, en likewise he seed 'im, en den he holler like Brer Tarrypin." (Here Uncle Remus puckered his voice, so to say, in a most amusing squeak)—

"Brer Fox! Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox! Run yer—we done kotch Brer Rabbit!"

"En den Brer Fox, he jump up on de top rail er de fence en fetch a spring dat lan' 'im 'way out in de bu'nin' grass, en it hurted 'im en sting 'im in de footses dat bad, dat he squeal en he roll, en de mo' he roll de wuss it bu'n 'im, en Brer Rabbit en Brer Tarrypin dey des holler en laff. Bimeby, Brer Fox git out, en off he put down de road, limpin fus' on one foot en den on de yuther."

The little boy laughed, and then there was a long silence—so long, indeed, that Uncle Remus's "Miss Sally," sewing in the next room, concluded to investigate it. An exceedingly interesting tableau met her sight. The little child had wandered into the land of dreams with a smile on his face. He lay with one of his little hands buried in both of Uncle Remus's, while the old man himself was fast asleep, with his head thrown back and his mouth wide open. "Miss Sally" shook him by the shoulder and held up her finger to prevent him from speaking. He was quiet until she held the lamp for him to get down the back steps, and then she heard him say, in an indignantly mortified tone:

"Now den, Miss Sally 'll be a rigin' me 'bout noddin', but stidder dat she better be glad dat I ain't bus' loose en sno' en 'larm de house—let 'lone dat sick baby. Dat's w'at!"

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

## LITERATURE

### The Cat and Its Relations.

THE tendency of English naturalists for some time past has been to present the exposition of various large groups of animals (classes, etc.) in the form of monographs on certain species or genera and to consider such as central types with which others are

successfully compared and contrasted. It is an objective method of study which certainly has advantages. A work by Prof. Mivart, of London, on "The Cat,"\* just issued from the press, is an example of the kind. As indicated on the title page, it is an introduction to mammalogy and it may be considered at the same time as a Monograph of the Family of Felids. The characteristics and relationships of the group are considered in fifteen chapters: the first is introductory; in the second to ninth the external form and anatomy of the type are described; in the tenth, the embryology; in the eleventh, the "psychology;" in the twelfth, the systematic subdivisions (genera and species) are set forth; in the thirteenth, the relationships of the type to the other families and groups of carnivores as well as to other mammals and animals generally are explained; in the fourteenth, the effects of environment ("hexicology") are discussed, and in the fifteenth and last, "the pedigree and origin of the cat" are sought to be traced. We have given this analysis of the chapters as the method exemplified is "a new departure" for those who may be only conversant with the old manuals of natural history. Prof. Mivart is a well-known naturalist, who has given to the scientific public a number of important contributions on anatomy and systematic zoology. His work, therefore, comes with the prestige of assured capability. The anticipations in this case are fully realized. The subject is discussed in a thoroughly scientific, and at the same time in a pleasing and popular manner, and the volume will be of use not only to beginners in zoology but to advanced students. Consideration of the details would not fall within the scope of a review, but a few generalities will be of interest.

We have herein the most recent results of an examination of all the described species of the Felids. For this investigation Prof. Mivart had unusual facilities, having enjoyed free access to the collections of the British Museum and others, and having had the way cleared for him, shortly before, by Mr. D. G. Elliott's splendidly illustrated monograph of the family. Just fifty living species are recognised and described in the twelfth chapter as "different kinds of cats;" these fifty species are referred to two genera; *Felis*, embracing forty-eight, and the remaining two being differentiated as representatives of the genus *Cynalurus*. Whether these are all valid species and whether others yet remain to be discovered, is for the future to decide. Doubtless Prof. Mivart has made the most of his opportunities, but the differences of opinion from Mr. Elliott urged by him show that our collections and autoptical acquaintance in the field with certain forms are still insufficient to definitely determine whether such may be "species" or minor variations. There is likewise still room for doubt whether the species comprised under the comprehensive genus *Felis* by Mivart, may best be kept together under such, as contended for, or segregated among several. In any case it would have been best to recognize certain salient modifications of structure, the large two-rooted or small one-rooted premolars or the entire absence of such teeth, the continuity or interruption of the orbits behind, and the roundness or verticality of the pupils as the differentials of minor groups. As it is, the student is left to wade through a long series of descriptions in his quest for the determination of a given form, when his labor might not only have been greatly facilitated, but (what is more to the purpose) his understanding of the degrees of value of various characters might become much clearer by the exposition of the forms in successively narrowed categories contrasted in an analytical synopsis. The chapter on the pedigree of the cat may be commended to the consideration of those who have quoted Prof. Mivart as an apostle of anti-evolution: "That the various kinds of cats, and the whole cat group, have been evolved through the orderly operation of powers divinely implanted in the material creation is a statement the truth of which can now, it seems, be hardly denied by any consistent persons who are not prepared to maintain that with the birth of every very exceptionally formed kitten, a direct intervention of the First Cause takes place, an intervention such as does not otherwise occur in the orderly sequence of purely natural phenomena." In fact, although combatting the universality of natural selection, Prof. Mivart is almost as thorough-going an evolutionist as Darwin himself. For a statement of his peculiar views we must simply refer the reader to the work in question. As to the cats, he thinks that "zoological and palæontological evidence points to a viverrine origin," or, what is much more proba-

ble, that both "cats and viverrines are the diverging descendants of an ancient more generalized form, which existed in times anterior to the eocene." These, in common with other æluroids, and the carnivores generally, were the descendants of "long-lost beasts of the order *Insectivora*," or, rather, forms from which the Insectivores among living animals are the least removed. For the full discussion of this phylogeny and the more ancient progenitors, we have again to refer to Mivart's own work. As to the domestic cat, it is urged, as is generally conceded now, that the parent stock was the *Felis caligata*, (chapter 12) or, as it has been also called, *Felis maniculata*, (chapter 1) adulterated, perhaps, more or less, by intermixture with related species in several countries into which it has been introduced.

Prof. Mivart has shown the familiarity with the literature of the subject that might naturally have been expected from him, but so rapid is the progress of biological investigation at the present day that probably between the time of preparation of his manuscript and the printing thereof, facts have come to light that might have modified some of his statements. Thus Prof. Cope's article "On the Extinct Cats of America" (Am. Nat., V., 14, pp. 833-858, December, 1880), presents apparently good reason for the differentiation of certain extinct forms (*Nimravida*) to as great extent as the admitted *Cryptoproctide*. The paper referred to reached Prof. Mivart barely in time to be alluded to in a note, and we may doubt whether he could have maturely considered the question as re-stated or changed the letter-press to correspond. Another fact relates to the distribution of the Ounce (*Felis uncia*). This is remarkable as being a large spotted Felid, enjoying a low temperature. "It is found in the highlands of Central Asia and the Himalayas, where it ranges from 9000 to 18,000 feet, rarely descending very much below the snow." But it is immediately afterwards added that "it has, however, been found as far west as Smyrna," and further, that "an animal has been described as a new species of ounce, under the name *F. tulliana*," from Asia Minor. If these last statements were correct the range of the Ounce would be extraordinary, although not unparalleled even in its own genus. Recently, however, Messrs. Danford and Alston have convinced themselves that the form referred to "is really nothing but an unusually pale and long-haired variety of *F. pardus*" (Proc. Zool. Soc., London, 1880, June 1st, p. 51), called also (under the figure of the skull) *F. pardalis* by Mivart, probably through a *lapsus calami*.

In taking leave of Mr. Mivart's book, we can cordially recommend it, not only for use as a text book, but as a medium for the enjoyment of some pleasant hours and as inciting to active and fruitful reflections. Much interesting and suggestive information is conveyed even in the form of incidental remarks and notes, as, for example, with regard to the rationale of the play of the cat with a captured mouse.

THEO. GILL.

#### American Colonial History.\*

ARE we to accept it as an established law in American literature that the man who writes upon the colonial period of the United States is a martyr, and that the man who reads what is written is a hero? Each successive author declares that it was a most important period, and each also declares, almost without exception, that it was a very dull one. If this be true the wonder is that they should take the trouble to study and to write upon it, knowing how few there must be, in a country where the newspaper is about the measure of literary appetite, who will force themselves to read. It might, perhaps, be considered supererogatory in the biographer of some great man to say that the man's boyhood was an essential part of his life, inasmuch as had he not been a boy he never would have been a man. But if there was nothing more in it than that—if it cannot be shown that in the character and conduct of the boy was visible the future man, bright with a great promise and interesting in the growth of strength and beauty, then the less said about that boyhood the better. If, on the other hand, these things can be shown, then the story of the boy, though it may be brief, need not be dull. Is there so essential a difference in the life of a state and in human life? If in both, youth may be important because of what followed it, how can the history of that youth be otherwise than entertaining as well as instructive, unless the fault be in the narrator? It is sometimes said of an erratic child that he will turn out a fool or a great man. Should he prove a fool, certainly nothing more need be said; if a

\* The Cat. An Introduction to the Study of Backboned Animals, Especially Mammals. By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., F.R.S. With 200 illustrations. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

\* A Short History of the English Colonies in America. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Harper & Brothers.



great man, to show wherein the promise lay hid, and how it got itself fulfilled, is the work of the biographer, and according to his success in that is the result dull or otherwise.

Mr. Lodge disarms criticism somewhat on this point by assuming at the outset that much of his book must be dry reading, and by a conscientious and most painstaking effort to make it as little so as possible. In this aim he has so far succeeded that should the reader take about every other chapter—skipping those which give a sketch of the dry political annals of each colony, and reading only those which treat of the manners and morals, the social relations, the every-day life, obtaining in each separate community—should the reader so segregate the pages before him, he will find it an entertaining book. He may sometimes question the deductions of the author, but he will thank him none the less for heaping together such a multitude of facts; he will wonder sometimes that facts and deductions should be so mixed up in the author's mind that he failed to see that the generalization of one paragraph—even of one sentence—is eaten up, soul and body, by some awkward fact immediately following or preceding it; but he will understand this better when he sees how the author is given to generalization, helped out sometimes by a lively imagination, and how he is, perhaps unconsciously, governed by a fixed mental habit of looking at certain subjects irrespective of facts. Mr. Lodge is a kind of silver-gray Whig in his historical faith, and one almost admires the sturdiness of his convictions. He seems to have made up his mind, for example, somewhere in the decade 1830-40, that human slavery is no more abnormal in Christian civilization than almshouses and penitentiaries; that a "nigger" is only a beast of burden that walks on his hind legs, and was perfectly "well treated"—as the cant phrase of that school is—so long as he absolutely did not die, as any beast might, for want of food and clothing. It is curious to see how a man can look in the face the most atrocious code of laws that the human mind ever conceived of and had the audacity to put in writing—the Slave Code of the recent slave States—and, while acknowledging its character, have the temerity to say that the people for whose government it was contrived ever had anything else to be thankful for but the certainty of death at last. There are a great many persons still living, whose moral education was completed thirty or forty years ago, who will swallow without a gulp Mr. Lodge's assertion that a Virginia slave in the old time was a most happy creature, and yet learn from the same page that one of the penalties for straying beyond the boundaries of his master's plantation was one which cannot be mentioned in a newspaper that might, perhaps, be read aloud in the presence of young women.

Mr. Lodge is everywhere faithful to the old traditions, and if the facts do not bear him out in this, so much the worse for the facts. He knows what sort of riff-raff, gathered out of the sewerage of English society, settled Virginia, and that emigrants of gentle blood, or of even decent antecedents were the exception, not the rule; he knows that there was no such admixture in the seed of New England, and little anywhere else in the Northern Colonies; and he knows that as the seed was, so was the harvest. Yet he accepts and repeats that old brag of pure blood, of noble families, of aristocracy by right of birth, and all the rest, born of Virginian bombast, because out of her limited number of the better class she has bred in a century's time about as many really great men as one can count on the fingers of one hand. Indeed the wonder is that Mr. Lodge should see how much race and blood had to do with the settlement of the different colonies, and fail to see apparently what came of it; no less a wonder is it that he should ignore the essential influence of that one great element in our history which has alone been of any very great importance and was driven out at last only by the sacrifice of six or seven hundred thousand lives in a four years' civil war, and at cost of ten or twelve thousand millions of dollars. But we are at more serious issue with him than on these questions touching the Southern Colonies, in his history of the Puritans. He has an entire right to form such conclusions and opinions as he pleases, and nobody should complain so long as he gives facts. But Mr. Lodge apparently belongs to that school in New England who, in defending the Puritans, sometimes think that in dealing with facts they should be made to seem what would be most agreeable rather than what they are. We regard it as our duty to the reader to say that, when he comes to the New England chapters, he had better turn to other authorities before he accepts the conclusion that Mr. Lodge is free from grave mistakes. Notwithstanding these brief criticisms we regard the volume as a valuable contribution to

American history, in which, as his *Life of George Cabot* had already shown, Mr. Lodge is so earnest a worker.

#### Turkish Life in War Time.\*

WAR diaries are often more valuable than war histories. Mr. Labouchere's story of the besieged resident in Paris killed a dozen works by more pretentious annalists. Mr. Henry O. Dwight's "*Turkish Life in War Time*" is in every way worthy of the same success. It has been published too tardily to arrest immediate attention. The events of the past week at Athens, the acceptance of the new frontier by Greece, have for the moment averted all chance of war from Stamboul, and Mr. Dwight's diary must rely upon the memory of the excitement which was caused by the struggle of 1877, and upon the somewhat morbid interest with which people view an empire in the throes of dissolution. Setting down faithfully from day to day the events as they occurred, written in such plain prose as befits a note-book, it tells the inner story of the war as it has never been told before; not with the sapient air of the historian who had consulted mysterious documents or unearthed rare secrets of diplomacy, but with the sure knowledge of one who lived on the spot when newsboys went shouting "Ilave" (extra) down the streets of Constantinople, and eager crowds gathered in the coffee-shops to discuss the tidings from the seat of war. Being removed from the actual shock of battle, Mr. Dwight could take his notes with a tranquillity impossible to the war correspondent; having no great sympathy with either of the contestants, his record has an impartiality unattainable by the Moslem news writer. It is, indeed, colored with the feeling of the moment. It accepts the facts as they were believed at Pera, and some of its statements are, therefore, open to criticism. Its spelling is purely fantastic, many old Turkish friends appearing in strange orthographical disguises, while the Russian generals, the "Moonshies" of India, the cities of the Orient, retain the antique shapes which Mr. W. W. Hunter, of the Bengal civil service, has done so much to combat, and which are gradually being reformed in every new map that appears. At the same time this whim of the author furnishes one more proof that his method of working is anything rather than pedantic, and that his appeal is, before all, to the general reader.

The division of the book is at once logical and dramatic. It opens with the crisis that followed the murder of the consuls at Salonica. The students of theology are crowding the gunshops to buy arms. The shop-keepers are fleeing before them, some into cellar-holes and sewer-vaults, some behind the iron-bound doors of the Hans. A fortnight passes and one morning, at early dawn, the Bosphorus reverberates with the roar of guns, and the masts of the fleet are seen through the smoke to be covered with gala flags. Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz has been dethroned. Murad, his nephew, reigns in his stead. Then, on June 5th comes this entry, "Abd-ul-Aziz, the ex-Sultan, has killed himself;" and on August 31st this, "Sultan Murad V. has been deposed to make room for his brother, Abd-ul-Hamid II." So Turkey drifts into war. The process of recruiting is pushed forward with vigor. The streets of Stamboul are crowded with strangers. There are Tunisians in delicate silk robes, round-faced Tartars, Arabs chanting war-songs in a minor monotone, Greeks in gold-embroidered jackets, Nubians with banjos in their hands and fox-tail plumes upon their heads, Circassians in pointed hats of white felt, Turkish women in loose mohair robes, Persian women encased in blue silk, Circassian beauties in red cotton trousers, and among them ladies in Parisian elegance of attire. The war has begun, bulletins of the most favorable nature are sent home, and the Golden Horn resounds with the newsboys' cry, "Victory! Victory! Victory!" Hundreds of bass drums are beaten in honor of the second repulse of Russia from Plevna. Myriads of lamps are hung on the minarets. Streets, squares, coffee shops are full of rejoicings. On every lip is the word, "It is God's judgment on the proud." High over the dome of the mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent one could read in letters of tremulous light, "Mahomet, sent of God," and to the right, in letters of gold, "Allah Ekber," the old war-cry of the armies of the prophet; so that, to the minds of the Moslems, the whole arch of heaven was transformed into the dome of a vast cathedral, its base inscribed in writing of fire with the phrases dear to the hearts of the faithful. That was Turkey's period of victory.

\* *Turkish Life in War Time.* By Henry O. Dwight. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Then the tide turns. Between mail-days the city is prey to a thousand pangs of fear. A German merchant receives a telegram from his correspondent at Sophia in these words: "Miss Sophia is not at all well." Seditious placards are posted on the doors of the mosques. The price of bread rises steadily, and the government directs the bakers to diminish the size of their loaves by one eighth. Bands of recruits march through the streets in chains, and desertions are common. Gradually, after many false reports, the news leaks out that Plevna has fallen. The defeated troops come home. Through seas of mud wearily plod long files of refugees, haggard and hopeless; women with children on their backs and others hanging at their skirts, men overloaded with mighty rolls of bedding and household ware from the abandoned homesteads. Adrianople falls and every train which arrives has a certain number of aged men, or of feeble women, or of tiny babies, who have frozen to death on the journey from that city. The fugitives with their wagons and household effects fill the roads for fifty miles from the city. They fill the cars, lie on the roof, or hang to the platforms. The icy blasts of a pitiless winter search the rents in their thin garments, or pile the snow upon their half-naked bodies. Under the gilded dome of St. Sophia they are packed in a great mass, and on the stone pavements of Sultan Ahmed, Suleimaniyé, and Bayazid, they huddle together, and groan and weep in the helplessness of despair. Here are scenes for the canvas of Detaille or De Neuville. The administration falls into confusion. Fights and robberies are of hourly occurrence. The Russian army arrives at San Stefano and the occupation is complete. The tragedy which began at Paris is at Constantinople turned into a farce. The Turkish merchants flock into the hostile camp to sell their wares, while their own penniless soldiers sit hungry and desolate by the wayside, wondering at the crowd with bursting panniers who flock over the creek into the camp of the invader. Peace is concluded. Osman Pacha returns to Stamboul almost as a conqueror. The crowd acclaims him; the Sultan kisses him on both his eyes. And here Mr. Dwight might have closed his diary. His chapters of political surmise form an anticlimax to the admirably dramatic crisis which he reaches so naturally and so artistically.

#### Siberian Prison Life.\*

PSYCHOLOGICALLY, this book is of extraordinary interest. It is so rarely that a murderer writes a book that one cannot help feeling a curiosity to know how the world and society present themselves to one who is capable of committing so monstrous a crime. The author of the present narrative murdered his wife in a fit of jealousy. As there were possibly mitigating circumstances in the case, he was sentenced to penal servitude, and not to the gallows. He is extremely reticent about himself, and makes no comment either upon his crime or his punishment, but devotes himself to the study of his fellow-convicts, whose habits, thoughts, and feelings he analyzes with skill. It does not surprise us to learn that convicts, as a rule, feel proud of their exploits, and that the etiquette of a prison forbids any allusion to one's crimes, except in a boastful spirit. A prisoner who shows repentance is despised, and notorious criminals who have long eluded justice and been a terror to the community are regarded with as much admiration as, in other spheres of life, an author who has written a famous book or a general who has won an historic battle. It is also interesting to note a fact frequently insisted upon—viz., that prison discipline, so far from checking crime, has the opposite effect. Thus all manner of vice and excesses flourished within this Siberian jail; the convicts habitually stole from each other, and brutal as they were by nature, and further brutalized by the atmosphere in which they lived, they seized every opportunity to give free course to their passions. They quarrelled for pleasure, bullied their weaker comrades, and got drunk whenever they could. In fact, most of them were savages—psychological anachronisms—the remnants of an extinct barbarism. The code of law and honor which they observed was similar to that which prevails among the wild tribes of Africa, North America, and Australia. Thus any expression of emotion or surprise was regarded with contempt, and a sullen, stolid dignity characterized their dealings with one another. This is the normal attitude of the savage; and if, in the evolution of morality, most of us have reached a point where certain actions, which were once permissible, are now re-

garded as crimes, we cannot forget that there are many who have not yet undergone the same development, and who, therefore, come into constant collision with the laws which the majority have framed for their own protection. Of course, we must shut them up and make them harmless. All attempts to reform them have thus far failed. To an attentive reader the present work throws striking side lights on the Russian civilization, or rather we should say the Russian barbarism of to-day; and if the corruption and the brutality of the officers whom the Government appoints to watch over its prisoners, in any way reflect the average morality of the Russian army, one can hardly wonder at the chaotic condition of that semi-Asiatic empire. The Slavonic race has hitherto lagged in the rear-guard of civilization; and if this book is as true as it would seem to be, several centuries will yet elapse before Europe need fear Slavonic supremacy.

#### The English Land Question.\*

MR. BRODRICK has attacked this interesting subject in a manner so judicial, so conciliatory, and above all so vigorous, that his work will, we are inclined to think, take rank near Adam Smith's treatise on the relations of commercial nations. He traces the successive steps by which England, a country that once contained more small land-owners than any in Europe, has come to present the least enviable picture of rural economy known among civilized people. The author is no Land Leaguer, and he has no sympathy with a movement whose direction leads to insecurity of property. We in America may study his views with more than philosophic interest, when in our midst such able thinkers as Henry George are asking: "Why should we have landlords more than air lords?" His standpoint is that of the practical statesman approaching a question in which vested class interests on the one side are opposed to national interests on the other. His eyes are open to the engaging picture of paternal government so often presented by the admirers of English life. He sees the historical country gentleman and describes him:

"The clergyman, who is by far the greatest man in the parish next to himself, is usually his nominee, and often his kinsman. The farmers, who are almost the only employers of labor besides himself, are his tenants at will, possibly his debtors. Nothing passes in the parish without being reported to him. If a girl should go wrong, or a young man consort with poachers, or a stranger of doubtful repute be admitted as a lodger, the squire is sure to hear of it, and his decree, so far as his laborers and cottage tenants are concerned, is as good as law. He is, in fact, the local representative of the law itself, and, as a magistrate, has often the means of legally enforcing the policy which, as landlord, he may have adopted."

The author allows all the excellence of the system as it exists, and takes pride in the thought that power so vast and so arbitrary has been abused on the whole, so rarely. But when over against this paternal country life we have to reflect upon a state of society in which one gentleman exists at the expense of a herd of laborers in whom the idea of self government has been well-nigh eradicated, a society where the gulf between classes has widened to an extent unknown in the rest of Europe, a society in which young men are by law prevented from suffering the penalties of their own vice or incompetence, a society which permits the political power and the soil that supports it to be tied up by legal fictions for the use of creatures not yet born and who may be utterly unfit to wield it—when this phase of the question is presented, the reader who has faith in civil liberty does not hesitate in his choice. The author has a clear, straight-forward manner of expression, and his book is filled with suggestive references and every other evidence of conscientious labor in its preparation.

#### "A Nameless Nobleman."†

THE Marquise de Montespan smiled in the king's presence at Versailles, one day, and the first of the Round-Robin series records the consequences. Her smile was even more potent than the famous little "yes" of Dorothy Q. for to begin with, it decided the destinies of four young people. The publishers remark on a fly-leaf that the series will be chiefly American; yet in the first chapter of the first book we find ourselves at Paris in the reign of Louis XIV., with a heroine named Valerie. It is true, we are soon

\* Buried Alive; or, Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia. By Feodor Dostoyeffsky. Translated from the Russian by Marie von Thilo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

\* English Land and English Landlords. By George C. Brodrick. Published for the Cobden Club by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York.

† A Nameless Nobleman. Round Robin Series. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.



whirled back to Buzzard's Bay and to another heroine named Molly, and we continue to pass with the swiftness of a shuttlecock from Quaker meeting-houses to Catholic cathedrals, from New Bedford to the St. Lawrence and from the St. Lawrence to Hayti, with a moment's rest in the rose-gardens of Provence. There is a touch of Miss Mühlbach at the beginning and of Disraeli at the close, with a great deal of Hawthorne in the middle; yet a thread of consistency binds these inconsistencies together, and the book is interesting throughout. The hero is worthy of the heroine and the heroine is worthy of the hero; they are married in the middle of the book, and the interest culminates, as it should, after, rather than before, the wedding. Molly, the dignified and noble matron, parrying the intrigues of the Jesuit priest, is even more fascinating than Molly the maiden, who cleverly baffled the village constable. Not since George Eliot's Hetty played with her earrings have we had so pretty a chamber scene as that in which Molly arrays herself for her singular wedding; the betrothal in the queer old attic is so beautifully told that we approve of it artistically and morally; and in the scene at the Catholic chapel François's cavalier treatment of Valerie, is a marked improvement on Daniel Deronda's mistaken tenderness under similar circumstances. "This is the author's first book, and the author is a woman," we predicted at the dedication; later, a certain crispness of phrase at times suggested that a masculine mind had looked over the manuscript and contented itself with interpolating instead of erasing; finally, the vigor of the plot seemed to preclude the idea of any feminine work at all, and left the conjecture that the book, like the series, might be a Round-Robin—the work of at least two writers. It is not to be expected that the public will show so little animosity about the "Nameless" as did his dignified and beautiful wife; and since "guessing" is in order, we suggest that the book may have been written by Miss Harriet W. Preston.

#### A Life of Carlyle.\*

THE first life of Carlyle of any pretensions (if we do not accept the Reminiscences as an autobiography) is that by William Howie Wylie, which comes to us from England. The preface bears the date March 9th, 1881, so it is quite evident that neither the author nor the publisher lost any time in getting their book before the world. Mr. Wylie has been an assiduous collector of Carlyleana. He has quotations from all sources. From the English Quarterlies to "John Swinton's Travels" nothing has escaped him on either side of the ocean. These collected fragments are hung together on a thread of personal acquaintance, and we are given some interesting conversations at first hand. Mr. Wylie seems to be pleased to acknowledge that Carlyle's first important recognition came from America, where his essays were printed in book form before they received that compliment in England. He prints a poem of some eleven stanzas which he claims was written by Carlyle, though it was never acknowledged by him or generally known to be his. That Carlyle never claimed it we are not surprised, for it is in no way noteworthy if we except such a rhyme as "Jordan" and "Fording." The biographer, however, proves to his own satisfaction that this poem was written by Carlyle. We too might have been convinced of it if the poem had not been given. Mr. Wylie's acquaintance with Carlyle commenced during the last ten years of his life and although there are no evidences of great intimacy, it appears to have been a pleasant one. On entering "that presence" he found the Chelsea sage reading the current number of the *Quarterly*. He confesses that his first feeling was one of pained surprise, "not because he was so much more feeble in his physical aspect than we had expected to find him, with one shoulder so much raised as to amount to a deformity, but because that aspect was likewise so very homely, the air so rustic and peasant-like, not to say uncouth." When he read the Memoirs of George Ticknor, he could understand "how it came to pass" that the dandical person from Boston "described Carlyle as 'a vulgar-looking little man.'" Mr. Wylie, who has a good deal of the spirit of the interviewer, did not relish nor could he understand Carlyle's abuse of Lamb. "What interest have you in Lamb?" Carlyle asked him one day. "I like his humor," replied Wylie. "Humor—he had no humor," said the Scot, "it was only a thin streak of cockney wit. I dare say you must have known some—I have known scores of Scotch Moorland farmers—who for humor could have blown

Lamb into the zenith! The only thing that was really humorous about him was his personal appearance. His suit of rusty black, his spindle-shanks, his knee-breeches, the bit ribbons fleein' at the knees o' him: indeed he was humor personified." Then he told Mr. Wylie how when he first met Lamb, "the puir drucken body" was at Enfield in 1829, at the house of a "most respectable lady." It was the forenoon: but Lamb who had been "tasting" before he came, immediately demanded gin, and because he could not get it "kicked up a terrible row." "Moral disgust," Mr. Wylie argues, was at the bottom of Carlyle's antipathy, and he could not recognize Lamb's humor "because he got drunk and because he demanded gin in the forenoon at a lady's house." Mr. Wylie is not so great an admirer of Carlyle that he cannot see his faults, of which his contemptuous allusions to poor Elia were among the most unpleasant. This volume is valuable, not only because it is the first in the field, but because it gives us in compact form all that has been written about Carlyle before and since his death, compiled by a judicious hand.

#### Theological Literature.

THIS\* is the most noteworthy contribution to the popular illustration of the Scriptures which has appeared since the publication of the work of John Kitto, now more than thirty years ago. In that interval the researches of Egyptologists, the discovery and translation of the Assyrian records, the results of the labors of the Palestine Exploration Society, and the advances made in geology and other branches of natural science have added immensely to the resources at the command of the scholarly student of the Scriptures, and Dr. Geikie has aimed at putting the common people in possession of that information which has been till now too largely the monopoly of the learned. In doing this he has been successful in a wonderful degree. It is not possible indeed to treat of details of archaeology, topography, chronology, and the like, with the same interest which he has thrown around the Life and Words of Christ; but he has gathered together into these chapters an amount of information bearing on the book of Genesis which is not to be found in any one volume with which we are acquainted. We would not have it supposed, however, that the book is a mere series of extracts from learned treatises on the different subjects which come up in review; far less that it is a *rudis indigestaque moles*. On the contrary, it is a genuine product of the author's mind. He has mapped out his own path; and after mastering all that others have written about the subject which is under his hand, he deals with it in his own fashion. The works of Rawlinson, Brugsh, Chabas, Ebers, Lenormant and others have been laid freely under tribute, and the result shows that one may bid the warmest welcome to all the facts of science and all the discoveries of antiquarians, and yet keep a clear and intelligent faith in the Bible as the word of God. We are not, however, prepared to accept implicitly all the conclusions at which he has arrived. In his treatment of the great trial of Abraham's faith, we are surprised that he has made not even the remotest allusion to Canon Mozley's exceedingly suggestive article on that subject in his "Ruling Ideas in the Early Ages," while it is possible that his appropriation of Dr. McCaul's attempt at the harmonizing of Genesis with geology may be condemned by some as unsatisfactory; but still the work as a whole is original in conception, able in execution, and trustworthy in statement.

MOST persons who open "Faith and Freedom"† will read first the letter addressed by Mr. Brooke to his congregation to explain his leaving the Church of England. No doubt this new step has cost him pain. His nature is too genial to feel no pang when old fellowships are severed, and the inevitable misunderstandings are at the door. But it was certainly the honest and manly thing to do. Mr. Brooke no longer believes in miracles: his place was evidently not within a religious body, which, as he truly says, "founds its whole scheme of doctrine on the Miracle of the Incarnation." Therefore he goes, and the manner of his going is as considerate as the act is honorable. A spirit of all-embracing charity is joined with his manly independence, which those he has left will do well to imitate in their comments on his departure. The same is true of the twenty or more sermons (most or all of which have been published before) which fill the volume, and many thoughts found in them call forth a hearty response, as where he says, of a religion: "The refusal to consider the exist-

\* Thomas Carlyle. The Man and his Books. Illustrated by personal reminiscences, table talk, and anecdotes of himself and his friends. By W. Howie Wylie. New York: Scribner & Welford.

\* Hours with the Bible. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D., Author of The Life and Words of Christ. With illustrations. New York: James Pott.

† Faith and Freedom. By Stopford A. Brooke. Boston: George H. Ellis.

ence of a personal God and the immortality of man will, in the end, make that religion die of starvation;" or, "If we wish to lead, we must be able to assert something clearly." But Mr. Brooke's new "assertions" awaken a sadness singularly at variance with the cheerful confidence in which they are expressed, a sadness due to the conviction that he has misunderstood views he rejects and that those he substitutes will not be so efficient as he anticipates. There is an inherent weakness in his position. He still calls Christ his Master, he still aims to realize Christ's thoughts, he still speaks of an atonement; but these are subjective beliefs. His followers will question—if he himself does not, by and by—whether they correspond to objective facts, whether a master without authority, a record entangled with incredible legends, an atonement without substitution, have any claim on their minds. Theism, pure and simple, affords a more logical and therefore a more tenable ground.

"Belief in God"\* is a series of lecture-sermons which aim to indicate the reasonableness of Theism. Their positive tone is a new evidence (still needed in some quarters) that the religious body which Mr. Savage represents can affirm as well as deny. That all the affirmations are true we steadfastly disbelieve, holding to certain others that we esteem far richer. But this is not to the point. The battle of our time rages hottest over the first principles of religion, and an earnest man who will fight for them is welcome, though his tent be pitched far from ours. The author's words will reach many whose faith is expiring, and may rescue for them a priceless truth. The three lectures headed "Does God Exist?" "Can We know Him?" and "Is He Conscious, Personal, and Good?" are the strongest and best. The appended Phi Beta Kappa address of W. H. Savage, on "The Intellectual Basis of Faith," ingeniously tries to explain the development of religion in man, after the analogy of physical evolution, as the product of an "environment of spiritual forces."

The professor who writes the introduction to "Robertson's Living Thoughts"† is wrong in saying that most of Robertson's present readers are of those who remember his writings "in the flush and aroma of their influence, a quarter of a century ago." Men read what speaks to their hearts now, as they did then, and thousands who were not born till Robertson had died are learning from him the earnestness of Christian life the depth of Christian faith, and the breadth of Christian love. Yet this little volume of excerpts is a good thing if it shall succeed in reaching others still. The paragraphs seem to have been chosen with appreciation, but we wish there were references to the sermons and lectures from which they are taken.

#### Recent Fiction.

FEW American critics can judge of the fidelity of Henry Gréville's Russian stories‡ to the life they represent, or of the accuracy of the translation. It may be owing to a defect in the latter, though possibly to our ignorance of Russian law, that we fail to comprehend the turning point of the plot. The father bequeaths to Xénie fifty thousand roubles, on condition that she shall never transfer to her mother any part of the legacy; if this condition is not fulfilled the money goes to his sons. Xénie, however, decides to forego her dowry for her mother's sake, assuring the mother that the money was left to herself; a very amiable thing from a filial point of view, yet suggesting that if wills are so easily set aside in Russia, it can hardly be worth while to exert one's self to make one. The story, like all of Gréville's, is delightful reading, though the plot savors of those very old-fashioned tales in which every event either hastens or delays the wedding on the last page; and the dialogue is spirited, though all the characters (only the mother having the excuse of an actually disordered brain) are remarkably silly, from the heroine who urges the lover to marry her cousin and the lover who does it, down to the submissive cousin herself. The best thing in the book is the opening sentence of one of its chapters: "Physicians have often cured the malady, but who was ever able to cure the patient!"

The name of Miss Sparhawk's story§ not only piques, but baffles curiosity. After reading the book one still asks, "Who was the

lazy man? and what was his work?" A plot based on the persistent misunderstandings of foolish lovers is so old-fashioned as to have almost the charm of novelty; but in the middle of the book we come suddenly upon the very latest literary caprice of fashion, viz., the detective. "My dear," said an attentive husband lately, on finding his wife absorbed in her eleventh detective, "would it not save you the trouble of sending for so many books if I subscribed at once for the *Police Gazette*?" Many of these stories have been worked up so brilliantly as to be raised to the level of legitimate literature; but Miss Sparhawk has made a mistake in introducing this element at the American fireside. As a nation, we may be *gauche*, ill-bred, money-loving, and money-seeking, and our ruffians do occasionally murder; but American girls do not plan at the luncheon table how they can gracefully give strychnine to a hostess whom, in their own phrase, they do not "fancy;" nor does the hostess ever suspect them of such plans and refuse to partake of any dish until they have tasted of it. One cannot say which is the more amusing: the introduction of so much intrigue into a quiet New England household, or the dedication of it to Mr. Whittier.

A collection of slight sketches,\* all pathetic, several having been written with the expressed purpose of enlisting helpful sympathy for cases of real suffering. As to literary merit, the first of these, "His Little Mother," is decidedly the best. The incidents are not remarkable—a papa and mamma in India playing the conspicuous part usually assigned to them by the English novelist; but nothing that Mrs. Craik writes can fail to be pure and healthful reading, while an occasional bit of delicate, very delicate, humor, lights up the somewhat monotonous mournfulness of these little tales.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

HENRY M. TROLLOPE's "Corneille and Racine" will be the next volume in the series of Foreign Classics for English Readers, edited by Mrs. Oliphant.

Mr. Aldrich's editorship can be judged better by the June than by the May *Atlantic*. There is a new hand noticeable in the current number, though most of the contributors bear the old familiar names.

The author of "Golden Rod: an Idyl of Mount Desert" has a new novel in the Harpers' press. It is called "The Story of Helen of Troy." The same firm will soon publish, "The History of a Mountain," by Elisée Reclus.

A new edition, the fourth, of H. H. Boyesen's "Tales of Two Hemispheres," will be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons in May. Two of the tales have been translated into German by Spielhagen, and another has been put into Russian.

Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, seems to have been a favorite place with literary men and artists. It was Tom Moore's London home, and in it Turner lived and died. Daniel Maclise, Leigh Hunt, Planché and, later, George Eliot, Frances Power Cobbe and Dante Rossetti also made that quiet suburb their dwelling place.

The *American*, published in Philadelphia, offers \$1,500 in prizes for the best editorials, the best special essays, and the best poems written by college students or college graduates. No topics are indicated, and a lively contest will probably ensue—livelier, perhaps, for the judges than for the competitors.

Mr. T. H. Tibbles, of Omaha, who has become widely known by his efforts in behalf of the exiled Poncas, is understood to be at work upon a tale of Indian life. Mr. Tibbles is not, by the way, the author of "Ploughed Under," though the success of that new departure in the field of American letters might tempt one to claim such a relationship.

*Harper's Magazine* for June will contain the first of a series of papers on the White Mountains, written by Samuel Adams Drake and illustrated by W. H. Gibson. These papers will eventually be made into a book, a companion to Mr. Gibson's "Pastoral Days." Saxe Holm, who made her first appearance in *Scribner's Monthly*, and who has been very quiet for some time past, will make her reappearance in the June *Harper's*.

The English have not in excess that delicacy which Mr. Matthew Arnold declared the Americans to be wanting in, when they reprint English books without permission. The London dramatists have an ingenious principle of stealing American titles for their own adaptations from the French. The title of Mr. Bartley Campbell's "Peril" was stolen for a version of M. Sardou's "Nos Intimes." And now the title of Mr. Daly's "Divorce" has been priggled for an adaptation by Mr. Reece.

\* His Little Mother, and Other Tales and Sketches. By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

\* Belief in God. By M. J. Savage. Boston: George H. Ellis.

† Robertson's Living Thoughts. Compiled by K. B. Tupper. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

‡ Xénie's Inheritance. By Henry Gréville. Translated by Laura E. Kendall. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

§ A Lazy Man's Work. By Frances Campbell Sparhawk. Leisure Hour Series. Henry Holt & Co.



## The Critic

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### BRICKS VERSUS BRAINS.

To the popular mind a college is a building or a collection of buildings. When a rich man founds a college his first concern is about the bricks, the stones, and the plans for the buildings which, he thinks, are to constitute the foundation of its fame. Then, when he has spent three fourths or more of his endowment in brick and mortar and in beautifying the grounds, he begins to cast about him for a president and a suitable faculty. His old pastor, the Rev. Mr. Ranter, is an excellent man, and might make a very acceptable president; and if he is himself a little too old, he will undoubtedly know some good man who can teach young men the way they should walk. Accordingly Mr. Ranter recommends his friend, Rev. Mr. Blower, who, he says, is a rising man, and understands the hearts of the young. Mr. Blower, then, is appointed, and the board of trustees, consisting of thirty or forty of the wealthiest men in the State, proceed to elect a faculty, appointing, when they have no candidates of their own, the president's nominees. But before proceeding farther, let us inspect, for a moment, the body called the board of trustees. They are, we have said, rich men or prominent politicians, who have been elected with the hope that some day they will put the college down for a handsome sum in their wills. Six or a dozen of them may be college graduates, but a majority are "self-made" men, who have certain narrow practical notions concerning education as concerning everything else, and look upon culture as a luxury which the world can get along very well without. They do not despise it; far from it; but they hold that a common-school education is all a man needs to make his way in the world, and that the so-called higher education is less useful than ornamental. In electing directors for an insurance company, a bank, or a steamship company, the corporation invariably endeavors to secure from among the stockholders men who, besides being financially sound, possess a special knowledge of the particular kind of business which they are to direct; and the business is apt to prosper in proportion as their knowledge of all its details is exact, and their judgment regarding the results of an enterprise approximately unerring. But who thinks of applying the same principle in the election of a college board of trustees? Are the scholars of the land greatly in demand as trustees? How many of them are there, at present, in the governing boards of colleges? Excluding the presidents, who also have seats in the boards of trustees, they could, perhaps, be counted on the fingers of one hand. The scholars are in the faculties of our colleges, it will be answered; and faculties and boards of trustees are distinct bodies with different functions. Granted; but that is no valid reason why a really able professor, who has the interests of the college at heart, should not also be eligible to the board of trustees. In this State, we believe, there is a law permitting such elections, but it is a dead letter.

It is almost a truism to say that the success of a college depends primarily upon the efficiency of its teaching force, and that the number and size of its buildings are of secondary importance. Great universities have existed for centuries, and become world-renowned, without owning a building. The University of Jena won fame while its professors taught in hired halls scattered about the city. It is only ten or fifteen years since it was enabled to erect an edifice of its own. It was the brains of men like Wolf, Schiller,

Fichte, and Oken which made Jena renowned, and attracted students from all parts of Europe. Without such men no splendors of architecture would have availed. It is the brains of its Agassiz, its Lowells, and its Longfellow which have chiefly made Harvard College what it is to-day, and not the towers of Memorial Hall, nor any of the fine piles of brick which Massachusetts philanthropists have erected as monuments to themselves. And yet, what a trifling sum have those brains cost the college, in comparison with the sum represented by such structures as Mathews, Gore, and Holworthy.

In our opinion, the system which gives so great a power to the board of trustees is largely responsible for the mistakes by which our colleges are constantly impeding their own progress. The utmost parsimony always governs this body when the question is one of keeping or procuring a valuable man; and one, two, or three thousand dollars seems an enormous sum to invest in brains, while fifty or a hundred thousand may be cheerfully voted for more bricks. "Why should we pay a professor fifteen hundred dollars a year," it is reasoned, "when we can get a very decent man for a thousand; or why should we pay two thousand to the present incumbents when we have constant applications from respectable persons who are willing to do the same work for five hundred less?" The question is only to get the work done; how it is done, it rarely occurs to the board to ask. A man who feels strength and energy within him, and who has confidence in his own ability, will rarely consent to work long for a salary which any dry-goods clerk can command, although he may be willing to give his services cheaply for a time, either with the hope of advancement or while he is preparing himself for some more profitable kind of labor. But the trustees, in nine cases out of ten, have no means of knowing the quality of his work, and would hardly be able to form a sound opinion of it, if they were daily present in his class-room or at his lectures. The president, as a rule, is able to give them a fair notion of the professor's capacity, but the president is very rarely in favor of raising salaries because it establishes a bad precedent and makes bad blood. If Professor A's salary is raised, why, then, should not Professor B, who is a much older man (and a laborious blockhead), be entitled to a similar increase? and Professor C, who has been blessed by the Lord with such a large family—why, he certainly would be a proper object of the board's bounty. The result is that the president writes a very kind letter to Professor A, expressing a high opinion of his ability, but regretting that the Board has been obliged to refuse his request for an increase of salary. Professor A accordingly resigns, while Professors B and C, who are glad enough to be able to make a living for themselves and their families, drone on from year to year until they die, laden with years and respectability. Thus the system operates. Instead of resulting in a survival of the fittest, it results in a survival of the cheapest.

### THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.\*

FROM whatever point of view we regard him, the Earl of Beaconsfield was a remarkable man, and from a political point of view he was an extraordinary man. He entertained the readers of England with his novels, and he puzzled the thinkers of England with his politics, and he never appeared to be exactly in earnest with either. Readers of to-day who take up his novels for the first time are apt to be disappointed with them, and to wonder how they came to be so highly thought of. They would cease to wonder, however, if they would remember the period at which the earliest of them was written, and would compare them with the standards of that period. Compared with the novels of Thackeray

\* The portrait of the late Lord Beaconsfield which forms the frontispiece of this number of *THE CRITIC*, is republished from his "Life" in Harper's Franklin Square Library, which contains also the D'Orsay portrait.



and Dickens, "Vivian Grey" and "The Young Duke" are unreal, artificial, and insincere. But they should not be compared with the novels of those masters, but with the fashionable novels of the first third of the present century, which they surpassed, and of which they are almost the only specimens extant. "Vivian Grey" was published in the same year as "Woodstock," and "The Young Duke" in the same year as "Count Robert of Paris," the latter date (1831) being three years before the publication of "Rookwood" and "Peter Simple," five years before the publication of the "Boz" sketches, and nine years before the publication of the Paris Sketch-Book. Disraeli the younger was therefore an older writer than Thackeray, Dickens, Marryat, Ainsworth, and Bulwer Lytton, whose first novel, "Pelham," was published a year after "Vivian Grey."

"Vivian Grey" was a creation of genius, but the genius was not of a high order, and it belonged to the school of Byron, who had died only two years before. It was bright and witty, in the sense that "Don Juan" was bright and witty; and the belief that certain of its characters were drawn from real persons stimulated the curiosity of its readers, who insisted upon discovering the originals. A key to "Vivian Grey," which was soon in circulation, passed through ten editions in a year. Thomas Love Peacock had indulged in the same personal license eight years earlier in his "Nightmare Abbey," in which he introduced Shelley and Byron under feigned names, and during their lifetime, but his personality passed without remark. Not that it was not brilliant of its kind, but that the world was not ready for it. It succeeded with Disraeli in "Vivian Grey," and he used it again in "Venetia," where Byron and Shelley masqueraded as Lord Cadurcis and Marmion Herbert; in "Coningsby," where John Wilson Croker masqueraded as Rigby, Theodore Hook as Lucian Gay, Lady Jersey as Lady St. Julian, and William Ewart Gladstone as Oldwald Milbank; in "Lothair," and, not many months ago, in "Endymion," where Napoleon the Third figures as Prince Florestan, and where he paid off Thackeray as Mr. St. Barbe for burlesquing his manner in "Codrington." The talent of Disraeli's novels, particularly the early ones, is that of a showy, romantic mind, which mistook flippancy for wit, which assumed cynicism for effect, and which was at all times defective in taste. They are cleverly rather than well written; are meretricious and tawdry, and they add nothing to our knowledge of life and character. If they are read twenty years hence, it will be out of curiosity respecting their writer, who will probably be said to have delineated the fashionable and political life of his time satirically, and not altogether unskillfully.

Disraeli the novelist will be speedily forgotten, but Disraeli the man and the politician, will be long remembered. That the scion of a proscribed race, born in the middle rank of life, should have become the Prime Minister of England, would have seemed an impossibility if it had not occurred. He drew no hero so improbable as himself, no career so adventurous and magnificent as his own. It is impossible not to admire his political genius, his persistence, his audacity, his skill, and his uncomparable knowledge of the English character. He was never disheartened by defeat nor elated by victory, but was always self-sustained, courageous, determined. He possessed all the qualities demanded in a leader of men in the nineteenth century. By what principles he was actuated we have no means of knowing: that he was ambitious is certain, and it is certain that he added to the prestige of the people whom he ruled so jauntily and so confidently. He made mistakes, perhaps, but he never mistook himself. He knew that he was more than a match for his rivals from the moment that the greatest of them, Sir Robert Peel, succumbed beneath his awful sarcasms, and, if he had lived, his latest rival, Gladstone, would soon have lost his hold of power. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, was an extraordinary man.

R. H. STODDARD.

The late Prof. S. S. Haldeman, left behind him in an incomplete state the manuscript of a small book on "Word-building," which has been carefully revised and added to by Mr. James Hunter, editor of the Supplement to Worcester's Dictionary. It will shortly be issued by the Lippincotts.

One of the funniest things that has appeared in Scribner's Bric-à-Brac department is Mr. H. C. Bunner's "Home, Sweet Home, with Variations" in the current number of that magazine. The full-page portraits of Thomas Carlyle and Jenny Lind, that accompany this number, are worth more than the price of a year's subscription. We have never seen anything finer in the way of wood engraving than Mr. Cole's portrait of Carlyle.

### "Blizzard" Again.

WHILE stating autocratically that the word "blizzard" does not come from the *patois* of French Canadian voyageurs, *The Nation* neither suggests a reason for the denial, nor supplies a likelier derivation. Recent issues have had communications regarding the word. Only that of Dr. Samuel Willard, of Chicago, is worth notice. He states that in Jameson's Scottish Dictionary the verb *blizen* is found identified with the German *blasen* (Dutch *blazen*), and explained as a distinctive action of the wind. German *blasen* is of course Anglo-Saxon *blasen*, our "blaze," "blazes," and "blast." When a boy says of his sled, "It went like blue blazes," the inference is to the rapid motion of lightning, *i.e.*, "It went like blue lightning." The American word "blaze," used for marks on trees to show the road through the forest (American, of course, only because first noted here in that connection), is also likely to be connected with lightning; for in the first place it is connected through lightning with the other meaning of "blaze," *i.e.*, conflagration, and in the second place lightning commonly affects trees in the manner adopted by the backwoodsmen to mark their path. Usually the sign of its passage is a long strip of bark destroyed from crown to root. The lightning goes by the best conductor, which is the sap lodged just below the bark. Hence we may derive "to blaze," both as regards the word and the action described by the word, from lightning. Now, in German, one of the few words known to uneducated Americans is *blitzen*, because it forms part of an oath supposed to be a favorite with Hollanders and the Germans. "Donder-and-blixen" used to stand as a popular and jocose synonym for a Dutchman, very much as in Mexico, at the present day, Englishmen and Americans are gravely called *Los God-damés*. Had Dr. Willard brought forward *blitzen* as a derivation for "blizzard," his case would have been more nearly complete. *Erechter Blitzer* would be an exact equivalent in vulgar German for "a regular blizzard;" it is just such an expression as lively German boys would use in their games to express such swift motion as the severe blow at town-ball of Dr. Willard's college boys, when they exclaimed: "That's a blizzard."

This all goes to support the position of THE CRITIC as first stated. But the main point advanced was the French Canadian derivation of the word. It is highly probable that "blizzard," Scotch *blizen* and German *blitzen* or *blitzen* are fundamentally the same words; we must look to endings to guide us to the country which was the immediate European ancestor of the "blizzard." Now we state again, in spite of the unexplained denial of *The Nation*, that the termination *ard* points to a French and probably a Norman French origin, for that particular form of the root *blis* or *bles*; and until other evidence is forthcoming, we must continue to express the conviction that the French word *blesser* contains its root, and that the central meaning of the word is a storm that cuts or "blazes" whatever is in its way, whether half-animate trees or living animals.

A word of the kind appearing in the West is more likely to have come through French Canadians than any other channel. Boys at play often use words that seem to be coined at the moment. For instance, the writer remembers, "That's a *swisher*," alluding to a ball thrown or batted particularly fast or far. Here onomatopœia comes in too plainly to be overlooked. It is the "swishing" sound of the ball (swish is a verb of too humble existence to find a place in the last edition of Webster) which gives the word life by a perfectly legitimate and normal birthright. Can we not hear in the word "blizzard" the same sound connected with the act described, namely, the sound of cutting, that reappears in such words as "clip," "rip," "chip," "snip"? And have we not in "blizzard" an excellent descriptive word for a variety of storm which no other term supplies? It is not merely a storm, or a gale, or a breeze, or a gust, or a blast. Blast is near to it, but blast is a broader term and does not express clipping and ripping. Let us hope that lexicographers, instead of making wry faces over the intruder, will be prompt to recognize his value and welcome him to their pages. Webster's Dictionary has accepted, somewhat timidly and without thorough definition, the word "skedaddle," although a philologist posted on the Scandinavian tongues could readily define a likely derivation. Blizzard is now knocking for admittance. In a country of sharp cutting winds like ours, where blizzards are by no means confined to the Northwest, so useful a word cannot remain longer without recognition. As a representative at large, Brother Blizzard ought to be given his seat in the American dictionary without further delay.

### THE FINE ARTS

#### Washington and the Chamber of Commerce.

THE course of the New York Chamber of Commerce in regard to the proposed statue of Washington on the Wall Street stairs of the Treasury has been marked by what may be mildly termed vacillation. The flourish of trumpets with which the project was announced, led most people to infer that it was the intention of the

Chamber, whether as a body or through public-spirited members, to see that the statue was put up. To how many did it occur that the Chamber of Commerce was merely to be a "god-father" to the statue? The next move was to allow certain outside gentlemen to contribute larger or smaller sums. The impression was had that there were many such persons, and that the Chamber of Commerce was stretching a point of generosity in allowing them to aid the project at all. Distinct assertions were made that the statue was not to be erected by a general and popular subscription in small sums. The chairman of the committee now informs the public that subscriptions do not come in as quickly as in his opinion they should, and that for his part he advocates throwing up the whole project. A singular state of affairs, indeed! There were but two courses to pursue. One was for the Chamber of Commerce to put up the statue with its own money, or with that of liberal members. The other was to open a popular subscription, limiting or not limiting the amounts to be given by each person as the committee judged best. Of course the dignified alternative was the former. Those fifty thousand dollars which were pompously promised by the chairman ought to be raised in the Chamber, not in Wall Street. But if that is impossible, then there should be no talk about unwillingness to "pass around the hat" for a statue of Washington. Why should not the chairman pass around the hat, if the Chamber does not propose to pay for the statue? Of course it is easier to sit still and allow merchants to contribute, but it may well be asked what a committee and a chairman are appointed for, if not to go about and get subscriptions. If they suppose they are merely meant to sit like figure-heads and watch the money flow in, they overrate the liberality of their fellow-citizens or underrate their common-sense.

To the plans offered by Mr. J. Q. A. Ward (the sculptor chosen without resort to competition) there are certain grave objections. The figure of Washington is to be of colossal size, strictly speaking of more than colossal size. It is to stand in the centre of the steps, on a platform specially built for it. Now, were it of colossal size, or of heroic size only, it would probably destroy the balance of the front of the building, because its dark lines would conflict with the upright lines of the pillars before which it must stand. The building would do the statue no good, and the statue would injure the looks of the building. The smaller it were, the less would be the bad effect. A statue on the Nassau Street abutment, however, would avoid this inconvenience, and if not too large, being neither too high, nor too sprawling, it would give point and variety to the views from Wall, Broad, and Nassau Streets, if it did not actually give the City a piece of good art. This abutment is unquestionably the finest place for a good piece of statuary, and if Mr. Ward be the judge who decided against it, and in favor of the centre of the steps, one can only say: so much the worse for our chances of getting a good statue from him! For, unless memory is defective, the chairman of the committee once expressed a preference for this abutment; but since the appointment of Mr. Ward as sculptor, the idea seems to be that the colossal Washington is to stand in the middle before the pillars, while the pediment above his head is to contain a Victory throwing a wreath upon him. Evidently it is a part of this general plan to furnish the two abutments with minor figures. The plan is surely comprehensive enough, but it is not marked by originality, and certainly labors under great disadvantages. The project swells to dimensions so large that it will die from its own unwieldiness. Its "godfather" has not raised \$30,000, and yet \$100,000 is the lowest figure that one can allow for carrying out the whole plan, taking into consideration the bas-reliefs for the pedestal as well as the adjunct statues on the two abutments. It would be far more feasible, and also in better taste, to place upon the Nassau Street abutment a figure not more than, or not much more than, life size; and afterward, if it were thought advisable, fill the pediment with some group in high or in entire relief. And the statue on the abutment should be preferably an equestrian statue, or at any rate a statue or group not tall and narrow, but rather long and broad, in order that it should harmonize to some extent with the building. A very tall Washington would not only interfere with the lines of the Treasury, but would have the effect of dwarfing the building into a kind of box.

## THE DRAMA

If sensational melodrama is at last fairly killed, its demise is due to "The World," now running at Wallack's. For other plays one or two mechanical effects have sufficed; "The World" makes away with a score of them. Machinery can go no further. Everybody is bound to see the sensation—the trap-doors vomiting flames, the raft tossed in mid-ocean, the revolving walls of the lunatic asylum, the dioramic view of the Thames, the fatal descent of the elevator. In presence of this popular enthusiasm, where would be the good of criticising the piece? It would be foppish to condemn it: it would be superfluous to praise it. Mr. Wallack has never pretended that he aims at elevating the drama. He plays "The School for Scandal" for one class of

spectators, and "The World" for another. If a new Sheridan were to stroll up Broadway with a masterpiece in manuscript under his arm, Mr. Wallack would not hesitate to produce the work, and would be perfectly certain that it would run for months. As long as the modern Sheridans are content to hide their light in novels, essays, or newspapers, he is forced to fall back upon Messrs. Paul Merritt, Henry Pettitt, and Augustus Harris, and, having done so, is equally sure that here, too, he has secured the success he always seeks. Of these three writers the last is a veteran stage-manager, who did for the play at Drury Lane what his brother, Mr. Charles Harris, has done for it in New York. The other two are not likely to be heard of again. Though both are young, they have been long engaged in concocting melodramas for the smaller English theatres, and have given the public ample opportunities of taking their measure. They are mere hewers of wood. There is nothing to be hoped from playwrights who open their career with rough, sensational effects. The writer of comedy naturally grows into drama; but progress in the contrary direction is impossible. Nothing could be more grotesque than to compare "The World" with such plays of power and of pathos as "The Streets of New York." There is a great deal more in that piece and the class it represents than houses on fire, charcoal asphyxiations, and the like. There is human nature, human sympathy, human passion. There are beggars shivering in the cold, families saved from starvation, a dozen little scenes of tenderness and humor. "The World" has none of this. It has merely situations, scenery, and carpentering—carpentering, scenery, and situations.

The advertisements say that Mr. Henry Labouchere, of the London *Truth*, went to see this play at Drury Lane, and was vastly amused. Mr. Labouchere has a weakness for mechanical effects, for he once saved a theatrical season by introducing a steamboat into "The Lancashire Lass." But, apart from this, his feeling is shared by a large majority of Mr. Wallack's audience. They are thoroughly amused. Their interest never flags for an instant. With every new tableau, and there are eight, they see a new trap laid for Mr. Tearle, the virtuous baronet, and shout with glee if he escapes from it, or are chagrined if he falls into it. The excitement lasts just as long as each of the acts lasts, and though there is very little connection between them, and no constructive skill whatever in their development, yet the spectators are disposed to believe that each will be as exciting as the last, and their faith is not disappointed. Where they are mainly disposed to quarrel with the authors is in this, that so little is made of such admirable opportunities. Can these three dramatists, who try to depict the horrors of a raft, have ever seen Géricault's famous picture, "Le Radeau de la Méduse"? Can they suppose that so awful a tragedy is adequately told in five brief minutes? This is no question of scenic exigencies. The last moments of the garrison at Lucknow furnished Mr. Boucicault with that wonderfully elaborated act which closes "Jessie Brown." The humors of a P. and O. steamship gave Mr. Tom Taylor an entire drama. The stage possibilities of Géricault's picture are enormous. And imagine the handling of an infernal machine by one of those old French melodramatists who used to write blood-curdling pieces some fifty years ago. And turn from the puerilities in the mad-house to a chapter of "Hard Cash." There was never a drama more artless than "The World." Mr. Elton plays the Jew, who contrives all its wickedness, and makes him an excessively waggish fellow. It is impossible to conceive that so merry a dog would dally with dynamite and deal freely in certificates of lunacy. Mr. Tearle plays the hero with his usual robustness, and Miss Stella Boniface paints the woes of the injured wife, who is robbed of her reputation at the beginning of the last act in order that she may be embraced by Miss Detchon at the end of it. The male part of the audience think she is amply required.

Sarah Bernhardt appeared at Booth's on Monday in "La Princesse Georges." She played the heroine with extraordinary intensity, with lightning flashes of emotion, and scarcely any repose. This is but a mediocre conception of the part. Mlle. Bernhardt knows her influence over the groundlings, and she raved and ranted in her most approved fashion. The little tricks of her method, the quickly-caught breath, the staccato phrases, the quick modulations of voice, were of small purpose in a role which the author meant to be profoundly touching, and the audience could not help feeling that, after all, there was something to be said for the truant prince, and that he would be well rid of such a vixen. M. Dumas introduces his heroine in heroics, and most actresses, like Mlle. Bernhardt, would be disposed to think that unless a bombastic tone were preserved throughout, the interest of the piece would gradually droop and ultimately disappear. The play begins where most plays reach their climax. Séverine, Princesse de Briac, learns from her maid that her husband is unfaithful; that he and the Countess de Terremonde, her best friend, had taken the train for Rouen, had stopped at a wayside station, and had quietly come back to Paris next day. She tells her mother that she will kill herself. "How will you profit by that?" asks this complacent lady. To which Séverine replies, in an outburst of wrath, "Tous mes rêves, toutes mes innocences, toutes mes pudeurs" (M.



Dumas' princesses indulge in these little conversational licenses) "je lui ai donné. Et il lui faut une autre femme que moi. Alors que me reste-t-il? Car je n'ai même pas un enfant. La maternité, non seulement il me la refuse, mais il me la vole." When the husband comes she is instantly soothed, and tries to win him back by caresses. This was the scene in which Desclée excelled. Her tenderness moved Paris to tears. Her fingers would roam fondly over the Prince's coat; her face would seek his, then be withdrawn with pretty petulance; she would say to him with Rosalind, "Come, woo me, woo me," and finally fall in his arms overcome with excess of love. Sarah Bernhardt simply falls into amorous hysterics.

Her exaggerated violence soon leads to its natural results. When the storm is on the point of bursting, and she is required to make an effort, she is unequal to the occasion. Her art has exhausted itself. When she meets Mme. de Terremonde and hisses "Va-t-en!" the countess stands calm before her fury. "Why should I go?" she asks. "Why?" raves Séverine. "Because you are my husband's mistress; because you came here to defy me, to rob me of my happiness, my life, my soul; because I hate and despise you, and because you are the vilest of women." The countess merely calls for her cloak, bows to the company and leaves the room, not without dignity, winning by her coolness under insult the sympathy of which the author would deprive her. The last scene of all finds Mlle. Bernhardt weakest. It is a much-discussed and exceedingly difficult scene, and it was played at Booth's Theatre in a manner which would have astonished the author. When "La Princesse Georges" was produced at the Gymnase ten years ago, the Prince flung his wife to the ground, strode over her body, and was out of the room when the Count de Terremonde's pistol-shot was heard. The critics protested against the brutality of his action, and in a second version M. Dumas made him simply push his wife away and leave the room. When the piece was revived in Paris a month ago the original ending was restored. According to Mlle. Bernhardt's prompt-book, the husband does not fling her to the ground, or push her away, or even leave the room. He is still with her when the shot is fired, and the audience is quite unable to understand that he has escaped any peril whatever. The result on Monday was curious. When the curtain fell nobody left his seat. It was impossible to believe that the piece was ended. The Prince had made no promise of reform, and he was sure to renew his intrigues on the morrow. "Let us see whom he adds to his seraglio in the next act," said the spectators, and they were already selecting a victim from Séverine's other friends, when the gas was turned off, and the audience was left where the play had left it—in the dark.

"Alsace," by Erckmann-Chatrian, has been published in Paris during the fortnight, and has arrived in New York. It was written for the Porte St. Martin Theatre, but the censorship forbade its production. For the author's sake, this is not altogether to be regretted. It is a beautiful and most pathetic play, full of patriotism, full of courage, full of devotion, and yet too idyllic for the audiences of a great melodramatic theatre. The Prussians are in Alsace. Christian Weber, Mayor of the little township of Rôthalp, waits for news from the seat of war. A crowd swarms into his mill, having in their midst a tall cavalry-trooper, his helmet battered, his face black with powder; and then Christian knows that the enemy are before the neighboring town of Phalsbourg. Drums beat, troops are called together, and their officers are heard crying that Bazaine has surrendered Metz, its arms, its provisions, and its flags. At Phalsbourg the Council of Defence hold their last session. The city is starving. "Are the guns spiked, the muskets destroyed?" asks the commandant. All has been done. He takes the flag that was waving over the Hôtel de Ville and burns it, saying, "Old flag of our country, we have fought for you till our last bit of bread was gone; we will leave the enemy nothing but your ashes." So Phalsbourg falls. The garrison are taken prisoners, and bidden to march that night for Germany. Their parents flock in from the villages to see them before they go, and in the number is a feeble old woman who has brought a basket of country delicacies for her grandson, Jean, dead before the walls. The Uhlan's trumpets sound; the garrison appears in marching order, ragged, lean, wounded, but with proud air and upright heads, and the old lady totters behind them, crying, "Jean! Jean! Où donc es tu, petit Jean?" The Alsatian exodus begins. Rôthalp lies down in the valley, and the villagers sadly leave it, women and men, young and old. "Father," says a little lad, "look back—see where our house stands." "No, child, no; if I looked back I could not go away, and go I must, for I mean you to be a Frenchman." "Mother," cries a little girl, "shall we never go back and see the spot where father is buried?" "Hush, darling, hush." Then old Christian Weber appears, bent, worn, white haired, listening to a song sung merrily in the valley by German soldiers who are marching home. He raises his hands piteously to heaven: "They are returning to their fatherland."

The second annual number of "Dramatic Notes" has appeared in London, edited by Mr. Rideing, *vice* Mr. Pascoe, resigned.

## MUSIC

### The New York Philharmonic Society.

As the end of the musical season approaches, each week brings the final performance of some of the societies which have been hard at work during the Winter, and have accomplished, some of them a great deal, some of them little, some of them worse than nothing. Two weeks ago it was the Symphony Society; a fortnight hence it will be the Brooklyn Philharmonic. Now it is our own Philharmonic, which closed its season with the concert at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, April 9th. It was the least interesting concert of the season; but besides that there is nothing to be said in dispraise of it; and when one remembers what the other concerts have been, that of itself is praise of the highest sort. There was absolutely no fault to find with the performance; the band played superbly, at times with an excellence rare even to itself, and Miss Winant sang her songs charmingly. Still, it left after all a little feeling, not of dissatisfaction, by any means, but of half regret that what we had heard had not wholly equalled in impressiveness the earlier concerts of the season. Perhaps the fault lay in the programme, yet here it is hard to see any thing wrong. It was this: Symphony No. 2, D major, Brahms; Concert-aria, "Hecuba," Rubinstein (sung by Miss Winant); "A Faust Overture," Wagner; "In questa tomba," Beethoven (sung by Miss Winant); three movements from "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony, Berlioz. Everything was certainly of the best, and it was all capitally arranged. But good as it was, very little of it was of the "taking" sort, and perhaps the coldness of the house, which was not much in sympathy with the performance till late in the evening, had something to do with the impression left by the concert. Much of the music has never been popular here, especially the Brahms Symphony, which opened the programme. Like the first, that in C minor, it shows some creative power and thorough mastery of the "classic" style, and it has certain decided beauties of its own, but it lacks the vigor and effectiveness of its predecessor, and it has generally been regarded rather with respect than with admiration. It deserved the place that Mr. Thomas gave it on his programme, for it represents fairly enough an important school in contemporary German music, but its popularity was out of the question. The same thing is true in a measure of Rubinstein's terribly tragic "Hecuba," and of the "Faust" Overture, which with all its beauty has never been dearly beloved of concert goers, save those of a Wagnerian turn of mind. "In questa tomba," with its pathos and sombre coloring, was hardly apt to arouse the public, and there was nothing left for this but the three Berlioz selections—the "Love Scene," the most passionate love music ever written; the delicious "Queen Mab" scherzo, so hard to play, and so delightfully given by the orchestra; and the scene of "Romeo Alone," full of intensest sentiment, striking contrasts, and exquisite orchestral effects. These, indeed, aroused the house thoroughly, and brought the concert to a brilliant termination. Miss Winant's singing was admirable. She has a lovely voice and a capital style, and she sang her two strongly contrasted songs equally well, with feeling, taste, and dramatic expression. The band was at its very best. The strings were rich and full, and they had that delicious "singing" quality which is not to be heard save in the work of this orchestra. Mr. Thomas's wood-wind is simply unapproachable, and at this concert it played faultlessly, while the brass was strong and resonant, but not blatant.

This season (the thirty-ninth) has been one of the most successful in the history of the Society, and altogether the most important. Its success has been both material and artistic. At the beginning of the season, one of the directors said: "We could have sold the house over again if we had had any room for the people," while the orchestra has been larger than ever before, and a hitherto unheard of degree of excellence in the performances has been attained. The importance of the season comes from the new attitude in which the Society has placed itself toward the advancement of music in general. Heretofore it has been content to devote itself to the performance of orchestral music alone. In this field it has unquestionably done a most valuable and admirable work. Its repertory has been very large, and has covered the most important classic works, which it has kept steadily before the public, while a number of interesting novelties, illustrating the development of the modern schools of music, have had their first performance in this country at its concerts. But much as the Philharmonic has done in it, this field is after all a narrow one. There is a great class of works, no less valuable or important in their influence on musical development, but which require for their interpretation the service of a chorus as well as of an orchestra, and for the representation of which no means have been available. It was the privilege and the duty of the Society, as the oldest, the most important, and the most stable of our musical institutions, to supply these means, and it was for this purpose that the formation of a chorus was undertaken. It was not intended to interfere with any of the older choral bodies, nor has this been done. Each of the existing organizations, the Symphony Society, the Oratorio So-

ciety and the different German singing societies, had its own especial work, which was quite apart from what the new chorus was intended for, and so there was not and could not be any question of rivalry. The new chorus was formed, and made its first appearance (in conjunction with another formed for the same purpose in Brooklyn), at the fourth concert of the Society, singing Bach's "Ein Feste Burg" Cantata and the Choral Symphony of Beethoven. The concert was the greatest ever given in this city, whether the excellence of the performance or the importance of the compositions be regarded, and without the chorus it could not have been given at all, so that the wisdom of the directors was vindicated and the value of the chorus demonstrated at the outset. Now we may look to see the orchestral and choral forces of the Society working together side by side, accomplishing double what has been done in the past, and we may hope for a glimpse of that world of noble and beautiful music from which we have been so long shut out.

It is not easy to tell which of the concerts was the most delightful, after the fourth, in which the Bach Cantata and the Ninth Symphony were given. There is no art (perhaps it ought rather to be called a gift) which is so rarely possessed as that of programme-making, and Mr. Theodore Thomas possesses it in the highest degree. It is not merely that he knows how to choose his selections with wisdom, and arrange them with tact and in the best possible order. That is common to most well-educated musicians. The wonder of his programme-making is that he succeeds in imparting to each programme—of the highest order, that is, such as those at these concerts and at the old Symphony concerts—a flavor wholly its own, and quite distinct from that of any of its fellows; precisely as the perfume of a violet differs from that of a rose or a spray of mignonette. So it is that in looking back over one of these seasons it is hard to tell which performance one has enjoyed the most—which he would most care to hear again. This has been peculiarly so this year. There was the first concert, in which we had a wonderful interpretation of the "Eroica" Symphony, —one of those performances of Beethoven's music, so full of vigor, dignity, fulness of comprehension and depth of feeling for which Mr. Thomas is pre-eminent; and with it a scarcely less remarkable rendering of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" Symphony; while Mr. Joseffy gave his first performance of the "Henselt" concerto. There was the fifth, at which Joseffy again appeared, playing the Schumann Concerto as he has played nothing else, while the orchestra gave a delicious rendering of the "Pastoral" Symphony. Then there was the third, in which we had Mozart's G Minor Symphony and Schumann's Second, while Mr. Henschel did some delightful singing. In the second we had the "Coriolan" overture, the magnificent scene of the "Welding of the Sword," from the first act of Wagner's "Siegfried" (sung by Mr. Tower), and Liszt's, "Faust" Symphony, superbly played by the orchestra. Every one of the concerts has been delightful, and the work accomplished by the Society has been a noble one. It began the season without any promises, quietly and modestly; yet it has done much.

#### Mr. Mapleson's Spring Season.

Another season, which it is neither so pleasant nor so profitable to contemplate, came to a conclusion on the same day as that of the Philharmonic Society. On Saturday, April 9th, Mr. Mapleson gave the last of his Spring performances and departed for Boston, leaving behind him an announcement that he would return to bless us with one more performance of the "Stabat Mater," and to reap the reward of

his services in the cause of art in the shape of a benefit to himself. This last season of Mr. Mapleson's has not differed much from any of his others. There has been the same idle farce of a lot of empty promises on his part, and of credulous confidence on the part of the public, which has gone on trusting him year after year, unmindful that it has invariably been deceived by the same—shall we call them misrepresentations, for politeness sake? He promised us Minnie Hauk, or Pappenheim, or both, knowing perfectly well that Pappenheim could not come to this country, and that Minnie Hauk, in all probability, would not. He announced half a dozen operas which cannot be sung without a dramatic prima-donna, while all the time he knew that he had nothing of the sort in his company, unless he mistook Madame Swift for one. He announced, up to the very hour of performance, operas which he knew could not be given, because of the illness of some of the artists engaged in them. Of course, the public is entirely aware of all this; it has had the evidence of it before its eyes, and yet it goes on believing him. Touching innocence, truly! The season was apparently very successful financially, and so it has come to be argued that Mr. Mapleson was quite right in sticking to old operas, because the operatic business is like any other: one gives what one must for the money and no more. If "Linda" and "Lucia," "Faust" and "Il Trovatore" fill the house night after night, you cannot expect a director to mount a number of other works, always an expensive matter, just to stifle the croaking of enthusiasts who go about asking him to "do something for art." Very true. But how many of his subscribers, who notoriously support the opera, would buy boxes if they were told at the beginning of the season that they would have nothing but a round of hackneyed works, no matter how well sung? It is his promise of novelty and variety that induces them to buy his tickets. When he does not deliver what he contracts to deliver, he simply swindles them. Whether Mr. Mapleson has done this, let the public itself decide. Of the three revivals which the season has produced, one, "Il Barbiere," was excellent; "Il Flauto Magico," was fair; "Lohengrin," atrocious. The other works have gone about as usual. Campanini has had a cold from the first and has appeared but rarely, and Del Puente was lame and for some time unable to sing. Of the others, Gerster, Ravelli, and Galassi (one of the best baritones alive), have done excellently, as did Mlle. Valleria till she went away. Arditi has worked faithfully, except in "Lohengrin," and as a rule, the chorus, the band, and the stage accessories have been fair. But the season has not done credit to Mr. Mapleson, and the subscribers have had small cause to be in good humor. Nor have they been.

Dr. Robert E. Peterson, the brother-in-law of the well-known pianist and composer, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, has collected together in a volume various autobiographical papers, written by the musician during his professional tours in the United States, Canada, and South America. Some of these papers were published years ago in the *Atlantic*, under the title of "Notes of a Pianist," but a large number have never been in print before. The volume (announced by Lippincott as "The Memoirs of Gottschalk") will be prefaced by a short biographical sketch.

We have received from Messrs. L. Prang & Co. a number of Easter cards of various designs. Some are religious in subject, and others decidedly amusing, while all are prepared in a style that easily accounts for their popularity.

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